and kept hidden for Ance's sake, and because he loved it.

There was a dead silence for some moments, during which Hamilton's face showed that he was ready to collapse; then the keen voice of Oncle Jazon broke forth:

Jazon broke forth:
"Vive Zhorzh Vasinton! Vive la
banniere d'Alice Roussillon!"
He sprang to the middle of the area
and flung his old cap high in air, with
a shrill war whoop.
"H'ist it! h'ist it! hissez la banniere
"H'ist it! Alice Roussillon!

de mademoiselle Alice Roussilion!
Voila, que c'est glorieuse, cette banniere la! H'ist it! h'ist it!"
He was dancing with a rickety liveliness, his goatish legs and shriveled
body giving him the look of an ema-

body giving him the look of an ema-ciated satyr.

Clark had been told by some of his creole officers the story of how Alice raised the flag when Helm took the fort, and how she snatched it from Hamilton's hands, as it were, and would not give it up when he demand-ed it. The whole situation pretty soon began to explain itself, as he saw what Alice was doing. Then he heard her say to Hamilton, while she slowly swayed the rippling flag back and forth:

forth:
 "I said, as you will temember, Monsieur le Gouverneur, that when you next should see this flag, I should wave it over your head. Well, look, I am waving it! Vive la republique! Vive George Washington! What do you think of it, Monsieur le Gouverneur?"
 The poor little hunchback Jean took off his cap and tossed it in rhythemical emphasis, keeping time to her words. And now from behind the hollow square came a mighty voice: square came a mighty voice:
"C'est moi, Gaspard Roussillon; me

There was a spirit in the air which caught from Alice a thrill of romantic energy. The men in the ranks and the officers in front of them felt a wave of irresistible sympathy sweep through their hearts. Her picturesque beauty, her fine temper, the fitness of the incident to the occasion, had an instantaneous power which moved all men

taneous power which moved all men alike.

"Raise her flag! Run up the young lady's flag!" some one shouted, and then every voice seemed to echo the words. Clark was a young man of noble type, in whose veins throbbed the warm chivalrous blood of the cavallers. A waft of the suddenly prevailing influence bore him almost quite off his feet. He turned to Beverley and said: "Do it. It will have a great effect. It is a good idea; get the young lady's flag and her permission to run it up." Before he finished speaking, indeed at the first glance, he saw that Beverley, like Hamilton, was white as a dead man: and at the same time it came to his memory that his young friend had confided to him, during the awful march through the prairie wilderness, a love story about this very Alice Roussillon. In the worry and stress of the subsequent struggle, he had forgotten the tender basis upon which Beverley had rested his excuse for leaving Vincennes. Now it all reappeared in justification of what was going on It. nes. Now it all reappeared in justi-tion of what was going on. It ched the romantic core of his south-

nature.
say, Lieutenant Beverley," he reed, "beg the young lady's permission to use her flag upon this glorious occasion; or shall I do it for you?" occasion; or shall I do it for you?"
There were no miracles in those brave days, and the strain of life with its terible realities braced all men and women to meet sudden explosions of surprise, whether of good or bad effect, with admirable equipoise; but Beverley's trial, it must be admitted, was extraordinary; still he braced himself enables and his whole expression. was extraordinary; still no fraced nimiself quickly, and his whole expression changed when Clark moved to go to Alice. For he realized now that it was, indeed, Alice in flesh and blood, standing there, the center of admiration, filling the air with her fine magnetism and crowing a great triumph with her and crowning a great triumph with her beauty. He gave her a glad, flashing he had just d scovered her. and walked straight to her, his hands extended. She was not looking toward extended. She was not looking toward him; but she saw him and turned to face him. Hers was the advantage; for she had known, for some hours, of his presence in Vincennes, and had usly and with maidenly reserve. ageously and with maidenly reserve. There is no safety, however, where love lurks. Neither Beverley nor Alice was as much agitated as Hamilton, yet they both forgot, what he remembered, that a hundred grim frontier soldiers were looking on. Hamilton had his personal and official dignity to sustain, and he fairly did it, under what a pressure of humiliating and surprising circumstances we can fully comprehend. Not so with the two young people, standing as it were in a suddenly bestowed and incomparable happiness, on the verge of a new life.

a suddenly bestowed and incomparable happiness, on the verge of a new life, each to the other an unexpected, unhoped for resurrection from the dead. To them there was no universe save the lilimitable expanse of their love. In that moment of meeting, all that they had suffered on account of love was transfused and poured forth—a glowing libration for love, sake—forch before libation for love's sake-a flood before which all barriers broke

which all barriers broke.

Father Beret was looking on with a strange fire in his eyes, and what he feared would happen, did happen. Alice let the flag fall at Hamilton's feet, when Beverley came near her smiling that great, glad smile, and with a joyous cry leaped into his out-stretched arms.

a joyous cry leaped into his outstretched arms.

Jean snatched up the fallen banner and ran to Colonel Clark with it. Two minutes later it was made fast and the halyard began to squeak through the rude pulley at the top of the pole. Up, up, climbed the gay little emblem of glory, while the cannon crashed from the embrasures of the blockhouse hard by, and outside the roar of voices redoubled. Thirteen guns boomed the salute, though it should have been fourteen—the additional one for the great Northwestern territory, that day arnexed to the domain of the young American republic. The flag went up at old Vincennes never to come down again, and when it reached its place at the top of the staff. Beverley and Alice stood side by side looking at it, while the sun broke through the clouds and flashed on its shining folds, and love unabashed glorified the two strong young faces.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Some Transactions in Scalps.

History would be a very orderly af-air, could the dry-as-dust historians be thrillingly romantic at every turn if the novelists were able to control its if the novelists were able to control its current. Fortunately, neither one nor the other has much influence, and the result, in the long run, is that most novels are shockingly tame, while the large body of history is loaded down with picturesque incidents, which, if used in fiction, would be thought absurdly romantic and improbable.

Were our simple story of old Vincennes a mere fiction, we should hesitate to bring in the explosion of a magazine at the fort with a view to sudden confusion, and, by that means,

Alice stood firmly, a statue of tri-umph, her right arm outstretched, holding the flag high above Hamilton's head: and close by her side the little hunchback Jean was posed in his most characteristic attitude. gazing at the banner which he himself had stolen and kept hidden for Alice's sake, and here awas he loved it deed, an explosion of twenty-six six-pound cartridges, which made a mighty roar and struck the newly installed garrison into a heap, so to say, scat-tering things terribly and wounding six men, among them Captains Bowman and Worthington.

After the thunderous crash came a

After the thunderous crash came a momentary silence, which embraced both the people within the fort and the wild crowd outside. Then the rush and noise were indescribable. Even Clark gave way to excitement, losing command of himself, and, of course, of his men. There was a stampede toward the main gate by one wing of the troops in the hollow square. They literally ran over Beverley and Alice, flinging them apart and jostling them hither and yonder without mercy. Of course the turmoil quickly subsided. Clark and Beverley got hold of themselves and sang out their peremptory orders with excellent effect. It was like oil on raging water. The men obeyed in a

with excellent effect. It was like oil on raging water. The men obeyed in a straggling way, getting back into ranks as best they could.

"Ventrebleu!" squeaked Oncle Jazon.
"ef I didn't think the ole world had busted into a million pieces!"
He was jumping up and down not three feet from Beverley's toes, waving his cap excitedly.
"But I wasn't skeert! Ya, ya, ya! Vive la banniere d'Alice Roussillon! Vive Zhorzh Vasinton:"
Hearing Alice's name caused Bever-

Hearing Alice's name caused Bever-Hearing Alice's name caused Bever-ley to look around. Where was she? In the distance he saw Father Beret hurrying to the spot where some of the men, burnt and wounded by the explo-sion, were being stripped and cared for. Hamilton still stood like a statue. He appeared to be the only cool person in the fort

Where is Alice-Miss Roussillonwhere did Miss Roussillon go?" Beverley exclaimed, staring around like a lost man. "Where is she?"
"D'know," said Oncle Jazon, resum-

ng his habitual expression of droll diging his habitual expression of droll dig-nity, "she shot apast me jes' as thet thing busted loose, an' she went like er hummin' bird, skitch!—jes' thet way —an' I didn't see 'r no more. 'Cause I was skeert mighty nigh into seven fits: 'spect that 'splosion blowed her clean away! Ventrebleu! never was so plum outen breath an' dead crazy weak o' bein' afeard!"

bein' afeard!"

"Lieutenant Beverley," roared Clark in his most commanding tone, "go to the gate and settle things there. That mob outside is trying to break in!"

The order was instantly obeyed, but Beverley had relapsed. Once more his soul groped in darkness, and the whole of his life seemed wareal as received. of his life seemed unreal, a wavering, misty, hollow dream. And yet his military duty was all real enough. He knew just what to do when he reached

"Back there at once!" he commanded, not loudly, but with intense force, "back there!" This to the inward surging wedge of excited outsiders. Then

ng wedge of excited outsiders. Then the guard.
"Shoot the first man who crosses the "Ziff! me voici! moi! Gaspard Rous-

"Ziff: me voici! moi! Gaspard Roussillon. Laissezmol passer, messieurs."

A great body hurled itself frantically past Beverley and the guard, going out through the gateway against the wall of the crowd, bearing everything before it and shouting:

"Back, fools! you'll all be killed—the powder is on fire! Ziff! run!"

serted.

Alice was not aware that a serious accident had happened. Naturally she thought the great, rattling, crashing noise of the explosion a mere part of the spectacular show. When the rush followed, separating her and Beverley, it was a great relief to her in some way; for a sudden recognition of the boldness of her action in the little scene just ended came acceptage. scene just ended, came over her and bewildered her. An impulse sent her running away from the spot where, it seemed to her, she had invited public derision. The terrible noises all around

also much excited, came in, preceded by a stream of patois that sparkled "Yes

She pounced into Alice's arms, still she pounced into Alice's arms, still talking as fast as her tongue could vibrate, changing from subject to subject without rhyme or reason, her prattle making its way by skips and shies until what was really uppermost in her sweet little heart disclosed itself.

"And, O Alice! Rene has not come yet!"

She plunged her dusky face between Alice's cheek and shoulder; Alice hugged her sympathetically and said: "But Rene will come, I know he will,

dear."
"Oh, but do you know it? is it true?

while she betakes herself out of a situation which, although delightful enough for a blessed minute, has quickly become an embarrassment quite unendurable. But we simply adhere to the extablished facts in history. Owing to some carelessness there was, indeed, an explosion of twenty-six sixpound cartridges, which made a mighty roar and struck the provide a mighty roar and struck the provide and provide a mighty roar and struck the provide a situation of the situation of the structure of the situation of the situ me exactly in the missile's way, and while it was not broken, the ball, already somewhat checked by passing through several folds of Father Reret's garments, flattened itself upon it with a shock which somehow struck Alice

Here again, history in the form of an ancient family document (a letter written in 1821 by Alice herself), gives us the curious brace of incidents, towit, the breaking of the minature on Beverley's breast by a British musket ball, and the stopping of Hamilton's bullet over Alice's heart by the Indian charm stope.

"Which shows the goodness of God." "Which shows the goodness of God," the letter goes on, "and also seems to sustain the Indian legend concerning the stone, that whoever might wear it could not be killed. Unquestionable (sic) Mr. Hamilton's shot, which was aimed at poor, dear old Father Beret, would have pierced my heart, but for that charm stone. As for my locket, it did not, as some have reported, save Fitzhugh's life when the musket ball was stopped. The ball was so spent that the blow was only hard enough to spoil temporary (sic) the face of the miniature which was afterward that the blow was only hard enough to spoil temporary (sic) the face of the miniature, which was afterward restored fairly well by an artist in Paris. When it did actually save Fitzhugh's life was out on the Illinois plain. The savage, Long-Hair. peace to his memory, worked the miracle of restoring to me—" Here a fold in the paper has destroyed a line of the writing.

The letter is a sacred family paper,

"Back, fools! you'll all be killed—the powder is on fire! Ziff! run!"

Wild as a March hare, he bristled with terror and foamed at the mouth. He stampeded the entire mass. There was a wild howl: a rush in the other direction followed, and soon enough the esplanade and all the space back to the barricades, and beyond were quite deserted.

Alice blushed cherry red. Adrience, too bashful to inquire about Rene, was trembling with anxiety. The truth was of the scaip.

Once Jazon proved to be one of the most refractory among those who demanded and all the space back to the barricades, and beyond were quite deserted.

Alice blushed cherry red. Adrience, too bashful to inquire about Rene, was trembling with anxiety. The truth was of the scaip.

Once Jazon proved to be one of the most refractory among those who demanded tomahawking and scalping as the only treatment due Long-Hair. The repulsive savage stood up before them sympathy that made him speak. He stolid, resolute, defiant, proudly flaunting the badge which testified to his horrible efficiency as an emissary of Hamilton's. It had been left in his belt by Clark's order, as the best justion. He was off before the girls could forestate? Surely, when a thing was so cheap, one need not be so parsimonious as to withhold a mere anticipation. He was off before the girls could forestate? Surely, when a thing was so cheap, one need not be so parsimonious as to withhold a mere anticipation. He was off before the girls could forestate? Surely, when a thing was so cheap, one need not be so parsimonious as to withhold a mere anticipation. He was off before the girls could forestate? The repulsive savage stood up before them by the proposition of the scaip.

It was a great relief to her in some was a wild howl; a marking outrageous assaults upon him, so exasperated were they at sight of the scaip.

Once Jazon proved to be one of the most refractory among those who demanded tomahawking and scalping as the only trage outrageous assaults upon him, so exasperated were they at sight

by a stream of patois that sparked continuously.

"The fort is blown up!" she cried, gesticulating in every direction at once, her petite figure comically dilated with the importance of her statement. "A hundred men are killed, and the powder is on fire!"

"Yes, Father Beret; yes, I know, and I'm ashamed. My heart shrinks when I think of what I did, but I was so glad, such a grand joy came all over me when I saw him, so girong and brave and beautiful, coming toward me, smiling that warm, glad smile and bolding out his arms—ah, when I saw holding out his arms—ah, when I saw all that—when I knew for sure that he was not dead—I, why, father—I just had to, I couldn't help it!"
Father Beret laughed in spite of himself, but quickly managed to resume

his severe countenance.
"Ta! ta!" he exclaimed, "it was a bold thing for a little girl to do. bold thing for a little girl to do."
"So it was, so it was. But it was also a bold thing for him to do—to come back after he was dead and scalped and look so handsome and grand! I'm ashamed and sorry, father; but—but, I'm afraid I might do it again if—well, I don't care if I did—so there, pow!"

tured him as he approached the town, bearing at his belt the fresh scalp of a white man. He would have been killed forthwith, but Clark, who wished to avoid a repetition of the savage venge-ance meted out to the indians on the previous day, had given orders that all prisoners should be brought into the fort, where they were to have a fair tirial by courtmartial.

Both Heim and Beverley were at Roussillon place, the former sippins when and chatting with Gaspard, the latter, of course, hovering around Alice, after the manner of a hungry becarded with interest and chatting with Gaspard, the latter, of course, hovering around Alice, after the manner of a hungry becarded with interest of the wisp and edded, when the work of the savage were a Roussillon place, the former sippins with an advance of the animal—I might be an interest of the wisp and edded, when the wind the can be when the state of the wisp and edded, when the wind the weap of the wisp and edded, when the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the wind the product of the wisp and edded, when the wind the after the manner of a hungry bee around a particularly swee and deliciously refractory flower. It was raining slowly, the fine drops coming straight down through the cold, still February air; but the two young people found it pleasant enough for them on the veranda, where they walked back and forth, making fair exchange of the exciting experiences which had befallen them during their long separation. eBtween the lines of these mutual recitals sweet, fresh echoes of the old, old story went from heart to heart, an amoebaean love-bout like inat of spring birds calling tenderly back and forth in the blooming Maythme woods. Both Captain Helm and M. Roussillon were delighted to hear of Long-Hair's capture and certain fate, but neither of them regarded the news as of sufficient importance to need much comment. They did not think of telling Beverley and Alice. Jean, however, lying awake in his little bed, overheard the convergetted to whe reserved to the convergetted to

Beverley and Alice, Jean, however, lying awake in his little bed, overheard the conversation, which he repeated to Alice next morning with great circumfrontier experience, Alice instantly caught the terrible significance of the dilemma in which she and Beverley

The letter is a sacred family paper, and there is not justification for going farther into its faded and, in some parts, almost obliterated writing. But so much may pass into these pages as a pleasant authentication of what otherwise might be altogether too sweet a double nut for the critic's teeth to crack.

While Adrienne and Alice were still discussing the probability of Rene de Ronville's return, M. Roussillon came to the door. He was in search of madame, his wife, whom he had not yet sen.

He gathered the two girls in his mighty arms, tousling them with rough tenderness. Alice returned his affectionate embrace and told him where to find Madame Roussillon, who was with Dame Godere, probably at her house.

"Nobody killed," he said, in answer to Alice's inquiry about the catastrophe at the fort. "Some of 'em burt and burnt a little. Great big scare about nearly nothing. Ziff! my children, you should have seen mutter things. Iput out my hands, this way—comme ca—pout! It was all over. The people went home."

His gestures indicated that he had borne back an army with open hands. Then he chucked Adrienne under the chin with his finger and added in his softest voice:

"I saw somebody's lover the other day, over yonder in the Indian village. He snote to we about searched and the property and had and there is not just the large of burt that the fresh scalp of a white man hung at Long-Hair's helt had extend that he had be property and the indian village. He snote to we about searched that he had be property and the fort is area, while a platoon of riffemen, those unerring shots from the indian village. He snote to we about searched that the fresh scalp of a white man hung at Long-Hair's helt had extended that he had be property and the property and t

"I saw somebody's lover the other day, over yonder in the Indian village, the spoke to me about somebody—eh, ma petite, que voulez-vous dire?"

"Oh, Papa Roussillon! we were just talking about Rene!" cried Alice.
"Have you seen him?"

"I saw you, you little minx, jumping into a man's arms right under the eyes of a whole garrison! Bah! I could not believe it was my little Alice!"

He let go a grand guffaw, which seemed to shake the cabin's walls, Alice blushed cherry red. Adrienne, too bashful to inquire about Rene, was Beverley, greatly handicapped by the fact that the fresh scalp of a white man hung at Long-Hair's belt, had ex-

derision. The terrible noises all around her were, she now fancied, but the jeering and hooting of rude men who had seen her unmaidenly forwardness.

With a burning face she flew to the poctern and slipped out, once more taking the course which had become so familiar to her feet. She did not slacken her speed until she reached the her home since the night when Hamilton's pistol ball struck her. The little domicile was quite empty of its houseshold, but Alice entered and flung herself into a chair, where she sat quivering and breathless when Adrienne, also much excited, came in, preceded Ah, father—"
The priest laid a broad hand over her saucy mouth.
"Something or other seems to have excited you mightliy, ma fille, you are a trifle impulsively inclined today."
"Yes, Father Beret; yes, I know, and I'm ashamed. My heart shrinks when the same overwhelmingly period."

Instruction purposes and practices were humane, and that while he did use the Indians as military allies, his orders to them were that they must forego cruel modes of warfare and refrain from savage outrage upon prisoners. Certainly the weight of contemporary testimony seems overwhelmingly period. him, but we enter his denial. Long-Hair himself, however, taunted him with accusations of unfaithfulness in carrying out some very inhuman con-tracts, and to add a terrible sting, vol-unteered the statement that poor Barlow's scalp had served his turn in the

place of Beverley's.

and the series of the series o

expression between a triumphant smile and a ray of irresistible beseechment. It took Colonel Clark's breath when he turned and saw her standing there, and eard her words.

heard her words.

"This man saved Lieutenant Beverley's life," she presently added, getting
better control of her voice, and sending into it a thrilling timbre; "you
shall not harm him—you must not do
it."

Beverley was astounded when he saw her, the thing was so unexpected, so daring, and done with such high, imperious force; still it was but a realization of what he had imagined she would be upon occasion. He stood gazing at her, as did all the rest, while she faced Clark and the platoon of riflemen. To hear his own name pass her quivering lips, in that tone and in that connection, seemed to him a consecration.

"Would you be more savage than your Indian prisoner?" she went on, "less grateful than he for a life saved? I did him a small, a very small, service I did him a small, a very small, service once, and in memory of that he saved Lieutenant Beverley's life, because—because—" she faltered for a single breath, then added clearly and with magnetic sweetness—"because Lieutenant Beverley loved me, and because I loved him. This Indian Long-Hair showed a gratitude that could overcome his strongest passion. You white men should be ashamed to fall below his standard."

his standard."
Her words went home. It was as if the beauty of her face, the magnetism of her lissome and symmetrical form, the sweet fire of her eyes and the pas damned head," On"I jes' hankers to
it. An' besides I of truth. When she spoke of Bevering up wi' mine an' ley's love for her, and declared her press him into details, for indeed he had none.

"There now, what did I tell you." cried Alice, when the big man was gone. "I told you Rene would come, They always come back!"

Father Beret came in a little later. As soon as he saw Alice he frowned and began to shake his head; but she only laughed, and imitating his hypocritical scowl, yet fringing it with a twinkle of merry lines and dimples, pointed a taper finger at him and exclaimed:

Cle Jazon pleaded. "I jes' hankers to chop a hole inter it. An' besides I want 'is scelp to hang up wi' mine an' that'n o' the Injun what scelped me. He kicked me in the ribs, the stinkin' varmint."

Bewerley pleaded eloquently and well, bear the gental Major Helm laughed at his sentiment of gratitude to a savage who at best but relented through that voice of absolute womanhood.

"Beverley pleaded eloquently and well, bear the grating of truth. When she spoke of Beverley's love for him, there was not a manly bear that in all the garrison that did not suddenly beat quicker and feel a strange, sweet waft of tenderness. A mother, somewhere, a wife, a daughter of truth. When she spoke of

modes of warfare and refrain from savage outrage upon prisoners. Certainly the weight of contemporary testimony seems overwhelmingly against him, but we enter his denial. Long-Hair himself, however, taunted him with accusations of unfaithfulness in carrying out some very inhuman contact which is a smaller one for my scalp. Long-Hair saved me. You let Hamilton stand yonder in perfect safety while you shoot the Indian. Shame on you, if you carrying out some very inhuman contact with the same of the same of

Alice stood looking at the stalwart commander while Beverley was pour-ing forth his torrent of scathing refer-ence to Hamilton, and she quickly saw that Clark was moved. The moment with conditions so hideous to contend against, Beverley. of course, had no possible means of succoring the condemned savage.

"Him a-kickin' yer ribs clean interye, an' a-makin' ye run the ga'ntlet, an' here ye air a-tryin' to save 'is life!" whined Oncle Jazon. "Wy, man, I thought ye hed some senterments! Dast 'is Injun liver, I kin feel them kicks what he guv me till yit. Ventrebleu! que diable voulez-vous?"

Clark simply pushed Beverley's pleadings aside as not worth a moment's consideration. He easily felt

Doubtless, while we all rather feel

bound him. Evidently he had not tried thus to free himself; it was rather a spasmodic expression of savage dignity and pride. One arm and both legs still were partially confined by the bonds, but his right hand he lifted, with a gesture of immense self-satisfaction, and pointed at Hamilton.

"Indian brave; white man coward, "Long-" legal of the lift."

"Long-" looks and words. He felt that he described him served far more than he was received far more than he was received for more than he was received for lift. She had given him every to fall in love with four girl of whom was a prize. The have taken him, too, had been the all-important on the lift. The property of the lift. The property of the lift of the lift of the lift of the lift of the lift. The property of the lift of

but his right hand he lifted, with a gesture of immense self-satisfaction, and pointed at Hamilton.

"Indian brave; white man coward," he said, scowling scornfully. "Long-Hair tell truth; white man lie, damn!" Hamilton's countenance did not change its caim, cold expression. Long-Hair gazed at him fixedly for a long moment, his eyes flashing most concentrated hate and contempt. Then he tore the scalp from his belt and flung if with great force straight toward the captive governor's face. It fell short, but the look that went with it did not and Hamilton recoiled.

At that moment Alice arrived, Hercoming was just in time to interrupt Clark, who had turned to the waiting platoon with the order of death on his lips. She made no noise, save the fluttering of her skirts, and her loud and rapid panting on account of her long, hard run. She sprang before Long-Hair and faced the platoon.

"You cannot, you shall not kill this man!" she cried, in a voice loaded with excitement, "Put away those guns!"

Woman never looked more thrillingly beautiful to man than she did just then to all those rough, stern backwoodsmen. During her flight her hair had fallen döwn, and it gilmmered like soft sunlight around her face. Something compelling flashed out of her eyes, an expression between a triumphant smile and a ray of irresistible beseechment. It took Colonel Clark's breath when he

pricked the wick of a lamp and

had a deep draught of liquor; at all events Beverley had little room for a word.

"Well, bein' as it's twixt us, as is bosom frien's," the old fellow presently said, "I'll jes' show ye somepin poorty."

"I did forget the smoking," he said, smiling, "If I were a Korean I would contain the smoking."

certainly marry."
"Brute!" she cried, as he left her.

took down his bunch of scalps.
"I hev been a addin' one more to keep company o' mine an' the tothers."
He separated the latest acquisition in the Atlas block.

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